



Foothill Fliers

APRIL 30, 1945



No. 3 SFTS



CALGARY

'TOWARD THE FUTURE'
SOUVENIR EDITION

Return

When once again he roams the countryside,
And gazes on his rolling fields and hills.
That vast, still land whose acres once he loved—
Loved with a pride so fierce and strong that he
Went out to battle for them,—
Where will his thoughts be at that hour?
Here, on the soil that once he tilled
With steady hand, his strong young heart at peace?
Here, by the ranch house fire whose dancing light
Glow on old rafters walls, and faces dear?
Nay, but in angry, shell-torn clouds
O'er flaming cities, and in blacked-out streets
His mind will wander,—
Far to the silver ship he called his home.
Far in the sombre grey of English skies.

The very stillness weighs upon his soul,
And wraps him round as tho' it were a pall.
Nerves, taut from months of danger, flame and death
Find this strange respite sweet, and yet unreal,
As tho' he walked in a familiar place
Dreamlike and marvelling!
He has come back, they say, unharmed and sound.
If they but knew. His body roams the trails.
His spirit soars where he has left behind
A gallant wounded ship, and missing crew.

—DOROTHY E. AITKEN.

Foothill Fliers

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Vol. 3 No. 2

APRIL 30, 1945

25 Cents

MEMOS — *From The Editor*



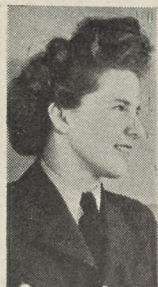
F/O WARD CLARK

Since last January 31st, the activity on the station has indicated anything but the cessation of operations. Many of us presumed old No. 3 would be a dull spot when the close of the BCATP came about, and with victories in Europe the situation seemed to be almost "cut and dried." But it has not been so. In spite of a number of postings out, we have continued along with our programme practically without deviation. . . . In February we had an excellent station concert, our "February Fanfare," the Maintenance Stag Party, a graduation party for course 115, Alice Murdoch's Review, and of course, the parties at the WD's canteen and the "Y" movies. . . . The hockey team kept us guessing right up until the very last game of the finals. The basketball quintet romped home with honors by taking the No. 2 Command championship. Bonspielers put up a good show and monopolized the limelight for several straight weeks. . . . Birks' Show came to the stage of the Rec Hall and then the CYO Victory Varieties; more graduation parties for the boys of 121-122—dandy parties they were too. . . . When Claresholm and Vulcan closed, many of their boys and girls came here. A large number of Harvards came in from these stations and some from North Battleford as well. The Vulcan and Claresholm ships gave us a little excitement for a few afternoons by gracefully "pranging" in the soft snow. . . . Lectures on Harvards were immediately organized for all instructors, a bit of a headache but very necessary. . . . Physical training sprung into prominence when a rigid schedule was set up for Maintenance. . . . New rules from Command came in regarding dress and deportment—for a week we all exercised our right arms violently and marched up the left side of the road. . . . but the novelty soon wore off. The last courses of the BCATP said good-bye on March 26th, following the graduation exercises an open house programme got the rapt attention of some two thousand visitors that wandered over the station that day. The place looked good, very good. . . . The new course of R.A.F. boys was already on the station, having checked in a few days prior to the last graduation date. They still have an important task to do, we shall see them through. . . . Many of us anticipate a discharge before the summer, others are more skeptical. It is really difficult to make a prediction in either direction. . . . We hear of the need for officers and other ranks with special training, for work with the UNRRA. . . . this looks like a wonderful opportunity for those eligible. . . . Another opportunity came into focus a few weeks ago when 10 R.D. solicited the aid of four pilots, skilled in the handling of Cranes; Navigation Flight promptly volunteered, thinking something big had come up. "Ferry four ships across to us," was the request. . . . In the Armament section the building has undergone a few changes, both interior and exterior; we are wondering if the place is still teaching armament or giving instruction in post-war decorating. . . . The Victory Bond drive got under way in April, with the station quota set at \$125,000. A breezy programme paved the way for the salesmen, skits and band numbers predominating. . . . So the station will stay open for an indefinite period, and with the coming of spring and summer we can expect a full programme of events to make our days interesting and worthwhile. . . . ● The front cover of this issue tells a story. Aircrew, Groundcrew and Women's Division study up on topics of public interest. They are all carrying on with their jobs in the Air Force, but not with complete disregard for the future. One poster in the background was the first put out by AFHQ, the other is the most recent and deals with post-war planning. The WD is Myra Murray, the mechanic is Jim Heaton, and Jim Gammon posed as pilot. Photographer was Eddie Steiman, formerly a field supervisor for Newsweek magazine, New York.

★ ★ ★

F/O Ward Clark acted in the capacity of Editor-in-Chief of this issue, and LAC Jim Sage assisted with the editing and feature writing.

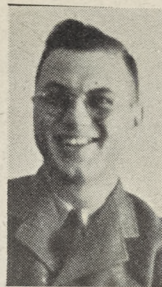
THE STAFF



Davidson



Weekes



Alexandroff



Dean



Quarrington



Sage



Holman

When the editorial office opened in March to prepare the material for this issue, only three members of the January staff were on hand. Postings and discharges have presented an ever changing scene in the little room at the east end of the Permanent Hangar; but fortunately, there were enough new people coming in with journalistic talent to make the preparation of this issue an easy task and a pleasant one.

★ ★ ★ ★



Aitken

Russ Holman of Vancouver, B.C., makes his debut to the Fliers with his story "As a Man Thinketh" (page 11). No newcomer in the publishing game, Russ comes from a family of writers, artists and debaters. Well known in Ontario cities for his oratorical work on the Canadian Youth Commission, he delves into politics, labor, science, psychology, and sociology whenever time permits. He also arranged for the articles by the Department of Veterans' Affairs (page 9) . . . **Dorothy Elliott Aitken** obtained her B.A. degree at the University of Western Ontario, London; taught school, was editor of school journal and has worked on editorial staffs for several years. Her work appeared in the January issue, and this time she covered the WD activities featured on (pages 17 to 20). Her poem, "Return," is featured on the inside front cover.



Steck

"Why Discussions?" on (page 6), illustrates her versatility in the literary field. Plans a career in newspaper work after discharge. Is sold on Western Canada . . . **Benny Steck** has been in athletics all his life. Volunteered for physical culture work at an early age; wrote sports at that time for high school paper. Played football with Montreal Bulldogs and with Lachine Fliers for two years. After his last year with the Lachine seniors (Eastern Canada champs), he was on the Quebec all-star team. He boxes, wrestles, fences, swims, and excels at track and field work. Plans to write sport for the Montreal Standard after the war. His columns are on pages 25-26 and 27) . . . All the photography in this issue was supervised by **Graham Prettie**, a freelance photographer in Toronto before the war, he sold to several large newspaper syndicates. Enlisted in RCAF (PF) in 1937; has been in photographic work ever since. With ten years' experience in this line, he plans to start a supply and developing business when the war is over . . . Assisting in the photographic department,



Holland

"**Mal**" **Davidson** of Nelson, B.C., did the shutter work for article on W.D.'s by D. Aitken. With over two years in the game she would like to stay with photography and get into a commercial studio . . . Toronto born **Harry Alexandroff** edited the humor and scandal sections of this issue. (Rust, Dust, and Dirt, (page 21). Was assistant manager in a building materials firm before enlistment. Since that time his interests have been diverted to the theatre, where he aptly handles settings, props and special effects. In his initial effort in this issue he puts a professional touch in the handling of gags and fun stuff . . . **Jack Holland** studied at the Ontario College of Art, Toronto, and was in the commercial illustrating field before the war. Making his first appearance in the Fliers in the January issue, his work is well known to most of us. A master in the art of magic and sleight of hand, he plans to do a tour of Canada after discharge. He has worked on the stage for nine years. His cartoons embellish this number. . . . Satirical verse is something that past issues of the Fliers has been devoid of, unfortunately. But this quarter we have included some of the work done by one **Harold V. Weekes**, a newcomer to this station. He divided his pre-war days between Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House, and has travelled across Canada and down the western U.S. coast on numerous occasions. Has been an interior decorator, done electrical wiring, been house man in a pool hall and a great loafer. Has had several fiction stories published and a feature article as well; poetry is just play stuff. His poetry is, we think, well done. One piece of verse is featured on (page 5), others are throughout the copy . . . A cross section of the newly acquired station band is presented on (page 10). Written by **James Quarrington**, one of the members of the band, it tells on them all individually. Quarrington hails from Toronto, has been in show business with his father, also spent four years in the jungle zones of Colombia, South America, with an oil corporation. Travelled in the West Indies and up the Atlantic coastline on several occasions. His brief on discussion groups is on (page 6). Post-war aims are journalism and anthropology. . . . Make-up and page arranging is by **Charlie Dean**. A native of Edmonton. Dean plans to go into the publishing game after the war. Has worked on several camp newspapers and maza-



Prettie

zines across Canada.



G/C W. R. IRWIN, M.B.E., D.F.C. and BAR

"One Job Finished Another Coming Up."

—The C.O.

The BCATP is ended. We have reason to be proud of the part we played in that vast scheme. We made mistakes, many of them, yet mistakes can be the spur to progress if we refuse to accept their finality, if we remain alert to the increased knowledge they make available. Such has been, and should continue to be, our aim.

We are one of the fortunate stations selected to continue. We have not the excuse of ignorance and inexperience—all the wealthy heritage of the BCATP is at our disposal. The fortunate tide of events has removed much of the urgency that called for haste in our methods. We are, or should be, professionals in this business of training. A more polished performance can and will be expected from us. We cannot rest on the laurels of the past—let us get on with the new job.

DRAWING THE BEST

♦ ♦ ♦
AN ARTICLE

Amidst the welter of stories about all the blaming of this group and that, which shows the lack of national teamwork, it's encouraging to hear news of how teamwork is being produced.

A French-Canadian union leader spoke recently in the Montreal home of an English-speaking industrialist, Mr. B. M. Hallward, and said how much his association with Mr. Hallward and his friends in Moral Re-Armament had meant to him. "Before I met you," he said, "I'd always hated the English, since as boys at school we used to throw stones at each other. I regarded them as hard-headed materialists and always thought they wanted me to conform to their ways of thinking. But I've begun to see that in order to make our country what it should be, I must be truer than ever to our highest traditions as French-Canadians. It's not the French way we have to find, nor the English way—but God's way. I will go anywhere to build this kind of unity with you."

There were some hundred in all present that night, represent-

ative of leading French and English thought in the province, including both Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy. The young co-editor of a paper that goes to 50,000 French workers was the next to speak. "We're not here," she said, "as one race trying to give to the other, but as two people uniting on the basis that we both need to change."

Finally, a man representing 65,000 French workers rose to his feet. He talked for quite a time, simply and from his heart. He, too, began by saying what Mr. Hallward's friendship had meant to him and that he had learned they could also work together for better teamwork in industry. "At the Moral Re-Armament Training Centre at Mackinac Island last summer," he said, "I met English-speaking people who cared as much as we

do for the values of home life and the other things that we hold precious. Since then I am a changed man — different at home and at my work."

All this time his wife, sitting with him, was nodding silent but vigorous assent. Her face seemed to say that whatever it was that had happened to her husband, it was a good thing. The union leader concluded. "The interesting thing is that all these things that I've learnt and which have meant so much to me in my work have come largely from English-speaking Protestants."

Draw the best out of people and the worst comes too. Have a programme—a vision; a platform big enough to demand the best qualities from all, so worth fighting for that prejudices and points of view just slough off—that's unity.

Though it's best to be off with the old love
Before you get on with the new,
When you're frequently being posted,
What can a poor airman do?
He can finish off with the old love,
With sorrow, regret, tears and pain,
But what will he do for his loving
If he's posted back there again?
So for airmen the adage is altered,
To avoid evenings out in the cold,
By all means go after a new love,
But remember to write to the old. —HAROLD WEEKS.

Feinstein Is "Top-Notcher" . . .

WINNIPEG BOY COMES UP THE HARD WAY

Outstanding characters come and go, but seldom does No. 3 have the honor of retaining one so well known and well liked as MELVIN "MOE" FEINSTEIN.

Figuring in first saxophone position with the new station band, Feinstein came up the hard way. He began his career in music at the age of ten studying violin. He rose steadily in the music realm and at the age of twenty-five was considered one of the best violinists in Western Canada. He picked up the clarinet when he was nineteen years old and later took on the saxophone. Developing a smooth style on both instruments he was soon playing with Winnipeg dance bands. After playing with the aggregate headed by Herb Brittan, he went with Claude Turner and then to Harold Green. Soon after he formed his own band. He continued to use the violin to his advantage and set up a studio of instruction in Winnipeg.

He was on the road with a vaudeville troupe in 1935-36 and toured the western provinces. Playing at the Strand Theatre in Edmonton and the Orpheum and Capitol Theatres in

Winnipeg, he displayed a terrific sense of showmanship and wit in his comedy roles.



"MOE" FEINSTEIN

Back to the music "biz" once more he returned to Winnipeg, his home town and was engaged with several radio studio orchestras. At CKY and CJRC he became very well known for the mellifluous timbre of his lead sax.

In 1942 he was with Jerry Fuller's orchestra in the posh surroundings of the Banff Springs Hotel. After the summer season closed at Banff he remained with Fuller and stopped at the Palliser in Calgary.

He volunteered for duty in the RCAF shortly after the fall season opened and was posted to Rockcliffe, Ontario. After Rockcliffe he spent two years at Macleod.

He has been called upon by Mart Kenny to fill the first sax seat whenever it was known to Kenny that Moe was in the vicinity. He has taken over the position of Kenny himself on one occasion when Mart was ill. Always he has received great ovation for his well executed solo parts.

He has a passion for five-cent cigars and large quantities of good food. He's a big man (weighs 205), but in good physical shape. After victory he plans to set up a studio in Lethbridge and teach.

Truly a great musician and a great showman, Moe Feinstein represents the talented half of the RCAF, and he gets the nod from us as being an all-round good fellow with exceptional talent in the music line.

★ Yanks Treat Becky Right

American hospitality as shown in one of the famous U.S.O. clubs, glimpses of all branches of the American services; chats with the WACS, WAVES and SPARS, and a ride around town in a jeep with an American Army Lieutenant, were some of the outstanding impressions recalled by Airwoman Grace Becker of No. 3, on her recent furlough in Seattle.

A Canadian girl may be proud to wear the R.C.A.F. uniform across the line, Grace found, as she was solicitously looked after by head-waiters, while rows of mink-coated civilians looked enviously on.

The U.S.O. dances were patronized by all services and ranks, with the Navy predominating. Marines and U.S. Coast Guards, fairly oozing that good old American personality, and "Hail, Fellow," stuff, vied with one another in making their presence felt (in ways not TOO subtle).

Those WAC girls have a marvellous clothing issue—two smart Jo suits, complete with breeks and zippers, three uniforms, walking-out dresses, but they all praised Air Force blue as a most becoming color. They praised our W.D.'s shiny buttons. (By the way, their own are made of gilt—which doesn't require polishing).

Seattle being a sea port is overflowing with "gobs,"—just gobs and gobs of them. The U.S.O. clubs (there are several of them), serve an abundance of the choicest FREE food, pastries and punch, and smiling hostesses make everyone feel at home. Volunteer Societies donate their services each night. They introduce strangers, ply them with food, and ask friendly questions about their life in the service. Just try to be lonesome in a U.S.O.!

"We're all in this together," seemed to be the attitude of civilian and service personnel alike. Seattle is a beautiful city. One W.D. left it with happy memories of a friendly people.

● TIME BOMBS

To change the nature of the post-war world, start with human nature.

★ ★ ★

Why don't the nations get along like one big family? A humorist replied: "The trouble is, they do!"

★ ★ ★

Decisions, often, are not as important as the way they are decided.

★ ★ ★

It's being catty with each other that sends people to the dogs.

★ ★ ★

The man who is alive to his opportunities never has to kill time.

★ ★ ★

It's a mistake to think you are creating a market if you only take it away from somebody else.

★ ★ ★

Those who really care for children seldom find children a care.

ABSTRACTION

By HAROLD WEEKES.

"All male personnel of the R.C.A.F. are to be discharged, and the organization taken over entirely by the Women's Division." Rumor No. 987654321.

★ ★ ★

At breakfast this morning (she had it in bed),
The C.O. yawned and sleepily said:
"It bores me to tears, but I'm afraid,
That, according to rules, we must have a parade.
Will you tell the girls if they've nothing to do
We'll have our monthly inspection at two?
They may dress as they please, but tell Sergeant McBray
A parade is no place for negligee."

Promptly at two, or by two forty-five,
The girls on parade began to arrive.
The C.O. was there at ten to three,
And sat down to wait in the shade of a tree.
Her dress was rose, and her hat was blue,
(And of course, her gloves and bag were too).
While sipping a glass of cold lemonade,
She watched the beginning of the parade.

Accounts came first. They looked very trim
(Their figures are perfect), neat, and slim.
They were lovely from head to tiny boots,
And all wore lavender bathing suits.
The nurses' aides, all very classy,
Came next. The better to show each chassis,
They had chosen play suits of purest white.
(No, I wouldn't say they were much too tight.)

The fitters followed, each comely wench,
Wore a hat that was built like a monkey wrench;
While the riggers thought it only fair
To come attired in a wing (and prayer).
Then followed thirty gorgeous titians—
Female aircraft electricians—
From Works & Bricks, each lovely lass
Wore a fragile skirt of Hawaiian grass.

Equipment favored sporting clothes
(Red for the ranks, pink for N.C.O.'s).
PBX chose strange attire
Colored silk and telephone wire.
And then, I'm sure you'll think this droll
The girls whose work was in control
Came next, parading to martial songs,
Attired in leopard skin sarongs.

Cooks and canteen stewards too,
In every brilliant, gorgeous hue—
But the girls were tired, so the C.O. said:
"Oh, girls, let's just have tea instead.
You've worked all day like little elves;
Now is the time to enjoy yourselves.
There's a dance tonight, and if I can,
I'll find every one of you—a man."

, , , and she did.

WHY DISCUSSIONS?

DOROTHY AITKEN GIVES THE ANSWER

The current opinions, as expressed by the personnel of No. 3, regarding our discussion groups, show, for the most part, an unfavorable reaction.

Before the reader mentally challenges this statement, let me quote a few of the phrases most commonly heard when discussion groups are being "discussed," and then attempt to test their validity. "Not practical"—all talk and no action—"Subjects have no bearing on my personal problem"—"Poor leadership"—are but a few. There is some truth in all these charges, but as in all debatable subjects, they are only partially justified. Is there no benefit to be derived from the mental gymnastics involved in "just talk?" Will our words eventually lead to action? If even one idea gleaned from discussion, leads an erstwhile unenthusiastic member to purposeful activity in the future, then our "just talk" has not been in vain. Thoughts are contagious, and they may become powerful in the hands of those with sufficient ability and perseverance to translate them into action.

Join the Legion

That one man is more or less helpless to promote his ideas without an organization to back him is admitted, but he may go for by attaching himself to an active organization—such as the Canadian Legion. If he feels that his organization lacks power through insufficient membership, he may promote membership through his own individual efforts. Let him join any group which best represents his ideals—be they political or religious, social or cultural. The ex-service man or woman will in this way find an outlet for his opinions, and a sense of satisfaction in group activity.

The post-war era must show its veterans to be socially-conscious citizens. Not only will a mental attitude such as this benefit the country at large—

but (from a purely selfish standpoint) it will ultimately reflect on the well-being of the individual. His participation in the reconstruction period of this country is not only his duty, but it is to his advantage, for through his years of experience in the service, he can bring some light to bear on problems less obvious to civilian leaders.

Parliamentary Action

From individual effort springs group effort, from organized groups come sound ideas, expressed by delegations sufficiently strong to convince a legislature of their soundness. Thus we may, in many cases, see parliamentary action.

This is the basis of democracy. The power comes from beneath, and slowly but forcibly works its way to the top, where the men at the helm may be influenced. This is not idealism—it is the sound principle in responsible government, and its effectiveness has been demonstrated in the past.

Democracy achieves greatest success when the political party in power have the country's good at heart. Lacking the statesmen, democracy will still work if people organize into study groups, and can succeed in bringing pressure to bear on their politicians. If neither the politicians nor the people can be persuaded to work for national welfare, then democracy is doomed to failure.

Don't Just "Gab"

Our groups demonstrate the key-note of the democratic system. Let us not consider them merely an hour in which to relax and "gab". Let our leaders be well-informed on their subjects, and present them with conviction. Who knows but the future Canada may see the results of our "airing of ideas". Groups of airmen and airwomen in their discussions all across Canada may be the sower of seeds which will some day bear fruit in the great experimental plot of democracy.

QUARRINGTON SAYS . . . "NO PUSHING PLEASE!"

At the time of this writing I am acting in the capacity of discussion group leader, and would respectfully but definitely question the practicability of making discussion groups compulsory.

It is my belief that 75 per cent of those attending the groups come with a chip on their shoulder and derive little or no benefit from the proceedings. This is the result of compulsion.

Surely if attendance in these groups was made on a voluntary basis the interest shown by those taking part would take on a much livelier aspect. In this way only those would be present who definitely wished an exchange of views with the ultimate possibility of a conclusion being reached.

Such a group would be self-promoting; the news of its success would spread and influence to join those who had hitherto been in attendance only because they had to.

What will we do with the women
After the war is done?
What will become of the women
When the final battle's won?
That was the subject chosen
By 20 men to discuss—
But it seems to me the question
Is what will they do with us?

HAROLD V. WEEKES.

FLOWERS FOR THE FIREMEN

THEY DON'T PLAY CHECKERS, THEY DON'T SLEEP AND
THEY DON'T JUST SIT . . . THEY WORK

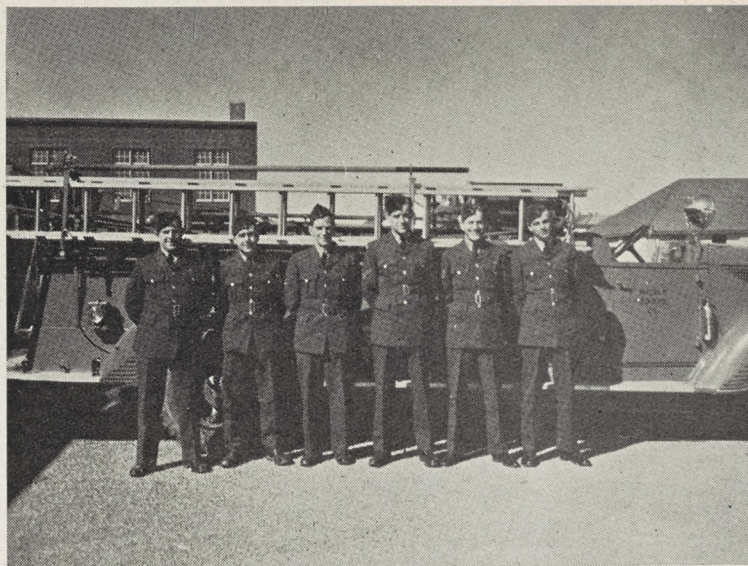
Whoever it was that said the fireman has a "soft go for big dough" is full of cold tea, and we can prove it.

We've been keeping tabs on this section for over two months and the amount of work done there is simply amazing.

Furthermore, we believe insufficient credit is given these fellows for the performance of their tasks, and we should like to pay them their due herewith.

The neatness and smartness of the exterior building and grounds is perhaps the first item which draws our attention to this hard working unit. There isn't a prettier spot on the station. Within the walls is a veritable hive of industry; groups of firefighters vigorously cleaning, waxing and polishing the floors, painting the walls, repairing what needs to be repaired, dusting, scouring, preparing food "a la cuisine" for the late party, in fact, doing five times as much work to maintain cleanliness as any other group at No. 3. The place is gleaming and bright, and invariably gets an "extraordinary" tag on CO's inspection.

In addition to these chores around the section is the rigid schedule of fire protection and safety maintenance. With recently revised orders emanating from Ottawa, the job is increasingly arduous. Supervision of the new half-hour checkups requires a 24-hour vigilance by six members of the station. The crews work in shifts, 24 on, 24 off. Fire fighting apparatus and truck are in constant readiness,



—THE CREWS—

and alarms are handled with split second efficiency. In recent tests the crew laid hose in less than two minutes from the time of warning alarm; a record to be proud of.

Keen, alert, and with a strong sense of duty, they are indeed a top-notch organization.

And for everyone on the station there is a standing invitation to visit the section any day, any time, and see exactly how it is operated.

So orchids to them all at the fire hall: F/S "Lefty" Moffat, Sgt. Lou Chalmers, Cpl. Gordie Fox, Cpl. Al Montgomery, LAC's Charlie Makin, Al Stuckert, Joff Turner, Howie Powell, Bob Lacroix, Al Befus, Vince Duggan, Ted Porterfield, Wally Gerrard and Gene Silverthorn.



"I'm a hungry woman," declared the newly enlisted W.D. "Where do I eat?"

"I suggest," said the sergeant, "that this first evening you mess with the officers."

"I've already done that," answered the W.D., impatiently, but where do I eat?"

C.O. with rare sense of humor was discussing plans for new station set up in officers' mess. "Now, for gawd's sake, gentlemen," he remarked, "don't all say 'yes,' until I finish talking."

AN AIRMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT

She, me, show to see;
No sense, hence, back fence;
Dark, some lark, to spark;
Swell date, but late, fate;
Caught, pass sought, no got;
S.P., decree, C.B.

Manning Pool Inspecting Officer: "Ha, Ha, no shave."

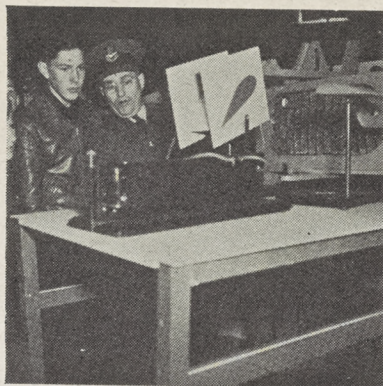
Rookie AC2: "Tee-Hee, no razor."

M.P.I.O.: "Ho, Ho, seven days' C.B."

♦ ♦ ♦

R.C.A.F. airman in Iceland with a well-developed sense of humor, wrote his parents: "It is so cold here that the inhabitants have to live somewhere else."

. . . YOU LOOK LIKE HELL!



Dear Mr. Prescott:

Sir: Marbles in the mouth maybe?
Could be! . . .



. . . er pardon me, Miss, but your
magazine is almost showing.



Well, well! Prettie cute!—A F/S, too!



WHERE'S THAT LEFT HAND?



Sam sings a bass solo . . .



Frankie groans!



Miss Walsh is suffering terribly!



. . . But we know why—Eddie Steiman, the photographer, coughed twice, signalled Birdie, who jabbed like mad with a hat pin—'tweren't fair!

THE 'GEN' ON U.S. SCHOOLING

By THOMAS F. HAMILTON
(District Supervisor, Dept. Veterans' Affairs.)

Legislation regarding training outside of Canada is quite explicit. Educational training elsewhere than in Canada can be authorized only for:

(1) Certain overseas personnel wishing to defer their return to Canada may be permitted to take discharge in Great Britain in order to complete training in approved British institutions, as civilians.

(2) Personnel discharged in Canada:

(a) The **resumption** of undergraduate or post-graduate training of **Canadian citizens** who were attending universities outside of Canada at the time of their enlistment in the Naval, Military or Air Forces of Canada.

(b) The **resumption** of undergraduate or post-graduate university courses of citizens of other countries whose university training was interrupted by enlistment in the Naval, Military or Air Forces of Canada.

(c) The **commencement** of post-graduate training of graduates of Canadian universities, where suitable post-graduate training facilities are not available in Canada and where such training is deemed to be in the public interest.

The legislation does **not** provide for the **commencement** of under-graduate training outside Canada.

Generally speaking, vocational training is not authorized outside Canada, but it may be granted in exceptional cases where such training is deemed advisable. An exceptional case might be where the applicant al-

ready had a splendid background in his vocation and the projected course would assure rehabilitation. A disability pensioner might well be an exceptional case if his fields of opportunity are limited. All training outside Canada must be approved by the **Head Office of the Department of Veterans' Affairs**.

Each application is judged on its own merits so no clear cut decision can be given until all the facts of the case are known. While we do not want to discourage those who are eligible for such training, we do wish to point out the conditions under which you must qualify so that many of you will not raise your hopes unduly high on the prospects of training in Sunny California or bustling New York. After all, your rehabilitation is really your future and it is to your interest to be very practical and matter-of-fact about it.

Please do not think that we are trying to discourage everyone from even considering training outside Canada. Some veterans actually are receiving educational training and vocational training in the United States at the present time. However, it may save you disappointment if you can have a clear indication of how the legislation limits our power to approve training outside Canada. Then too, we must not discount our Canadian training. Canadian universities have high standards which are recognized everywhere. Our vocational training is good. The results depend mainly on the effort and enthusiasm the trainee puts into it.

MATRICULATION SCHOOL OPENS

The Alberta Department of Education, in conjunction with the Canadian Vocational Training Division of the Department of Labor has arranged to establish a special school for ex-service personnel who desire to complete matriculation for university entrance or other educational training. The first of these schools was opened in Edmonton in January, 1945, and a second will be opened in Calgary about the middle of April. This school is part of the Federal plan for educational rehabilitation of ex-service personnel and will be conducted in such a way as to enable those attending to complete their high school in the shortest possible time.

It is usual, before registration at this school, to write a set of pre-matriculation examinations. These are held bi-monthly in Calgary and Edmonton. They serve the purpose of indicating to the student the amount of work needed for him to complete his matriculation requirements; some idea of his possibilities of success in certain educational fields; and, to the pre-matriculation school, a point from which the person attending should start to receive the utmost benefit from his studies.

The Rehabilitation Training Division of the Department of Veterans' Affairs invites the enquiries of service and ex-service personnel. Trained counsellors are available to attend to each individual case and are most willing to discuss the rehabilitation problems of ex-service men and women.

JUST IMAGINE

Imagine the Group Captains minus all their gold and braid,
Standing up behind a counter selling gum and orangeade.
Picture all the Wing Co's with their rings left far behind
And the uniform they're wearing is the Western Union kind;
Shed a tear for some poor FO. who doesn't feel himself,
'Cause jerking sodas isn't easy when your wings are on the shelf;
'Tis a bitter pill to swallow, 'tis a matter for despair,
Being clerks and messengers again is a mighty cross to bear.
So be kind to working people that you meet where'er you go
For the guy that's washing dishes might have been your old C.O.
—H.V.W.

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON

Like Tonio, I am the prologue. And being such, should like to tell the reader a little of the history of the No. 3 band and the intimate trifles which make up a bandsman's life while on duty.

First organized in 1942, when twelve musicians were sent from Ottawa to No. 7 SFTS, Macleod, the band has covered thousands of miles in the past two and a half years playing for concerts, road shows, parades, hockey games, dances, route marches, radio broadcasts, Victory Loans, etc. . . ad infinitum.

After a lengthy, but enjoyable stay at Macleod, we were posted to No. 2 AGTS (now No. 7 RC) in Calgary and thence to our present berth here at No. 3.

Lee Hepner, with three stripes and a crown, is the leader of our little brood. Definitely a man of dual personality, he possesses melodic sagacity distinctly above all others in this part of the country at least.

Sam Mason is our solo clarinet artiste. Sam hails from Kirkland Lake, Ontario, where his father is master of the town band.

Art "Arpad" Miskov, that magnificent Magyar, perpetrator of our swing sextette and advocate of rehearsals ad nauseam, is our newest member. Gave up an A group AEM's job to join us.

Frank Plomp is third clarinetist and raconteur extraordinary.

Paul Laverty is our flute player and piccolo virtuoso.

Occupying the solo chair of the trumpet division is **Nick Gregorash**. The magnificent timbre of his instrument does no little in adding color and power to both concert band and dance orchestra. **Vick Sill**, **Harry Peard** and "Smiler" **Don McKee**, fill the three remaining seats to the left of Gregorash.

Charlie Brown, **Dunc Muir-**

By JIM QUARRINGTON



Sub-Zero Weather.



6'5", 5'1", and 5x5



Sure, They Fly!

head and Clarke Bell comprise our trombone trio, coming through with plenty of solid slide work.

Wally MacDonald and **Ted DesLauriers** are the percussion boys forming a firm anchor of rhythm which keeps the band steady throughout.

Tim Statein, **Percy Mullaby**, **Harry Stefanyk** and **Len Stelk** do a superb job of making their E* alto horns sound as much as possible like French horns.

Moe Feinstein plays lead alto sax' (page 4). Well known for his inimitable rendition of the "Beautiful Colorado." On Feinstein's right in second seat alto is **Al Wilson**. Al doubles on the clarinet and wears a size 37 suit.

Moe Augi is our tenor man. Does a superb job here and also doubles on the clarinet. He has been known to play a few bars on the beautiful C Melody Comb. (with tissue).

Into the embouchure of **J "Gabby" Muirhead** has been entrusted the band's pride and joy . . . the baritone sax'. The dance band raised the price of this instrument.

Bus Bowers, wearing three stripes on his arm and several on his underwear, is our general factotum. Playing the solo baritone in the concert band and leading the dance band on piano he also teaches music theory. Is assistant conductor in the absence of F/S Hepner.

Bill Plomp, Frank's little brother, plays second baritone with fine style and execution.

Finally we arrive in the oompah section, those two tuba experts, **Bert Rawlings** and **Bert Myhoff**.

And too, there is the dance orchestra. It is a well known adjunct of the station band and gives out with a lot of the more popular stuff for the younger guys and gals.



'Twas a Dusty Ride!



. . . The Mob.

"AS A MAN THINKETH . . ."

—A FEATURE—

By RUSS HOLMAN

"You're too honest to live." Said the canteen steward as he slipped the dollar bill back into the till.

"Perhaps," said the fair-haired customer. "But I figure no one is too honest to live free from all worry and fear."

The steward didn't exactly despise the young Air Frame Mechanic, but he did think him a bit of a fool for not taking advantage of the dollar over-change. After all, the Canteen's mistake was someone else's gain, and it didn't matter much to him personally.

The mechanic walked out of the Canteen and thought about the incident. As he mulled the thing over in his mind he could not help but think of the thousands of incidents that paralleled this one. And he was troubled, as he always was, about the selfishness in the world.

No—he didn't put himself up on a pedestal as a criterion, he didn't think of it that way at all. It was just that what he had done had been right according to his standards and perhaps foolish according to someone else. He reconciled himself to that age-old law, the Universal Law, that 'one reaps what one sows'.

Ten minutes later he crowded into the bus which connects

with the street car service. Being last in he was unable to deposit his fare, so after everyone had piled out at the end of the route he stepped quickly back in and dropped his nickel in the box.

The driver was greatly surprised at such an honest act. He stopped the mechanic and pushed an envelope into his hand, and said, "Brother . . . it's your type that preserve the ideals of this country of ours—there should be more guys around like you."

The mechanic only smiled. He didn't think he had done anything so wonderful.

On the street-car he realized he was still holding the envelope the bus driver had stuck in his fist. He opened it and found that it contained a complimentary ticket to the Transport Association Banquet, scheduled to take place the following night. He decided to attend—good food was good food no matter where one had to go for it.

The next evening he was shaved and shined and took his place at a long table in the banquet hall. He chatted with a husky driver on his left. The atmosphere made him feel right at home.

Someone bumped his shoulder and settled heavily in to the

chair on his right. He looked away from the husky fellow for a moment and . . . "Frank Arnold!"

"Gerry! . . . what on earth are you doing here?"

"I had a complimentary ticket . . . thought I might as well use it."

"Sure, why not—say I'm really glad to see you . . . where are you stationed?"

"Number three . . . Currie."

"Are you off in the evening?"

"Yes, until reveille."

"Swell. Could you handle a few hours' work in the evening?"

"Doing what?"

"Nothing—you'll have to take the calls in my office from six 'til nine—I can't get a soul who's dependable . . . you know the business and I'll give you fifteen bucks for five nights, how about it?"

"Gosh! . . . I'll take it."

Fate had led him to his old employer . . . a chance meeting . . . an unexpected opportunity.

"God moves in a mysterious manner," he mused. It flashed through his mind once more that 'good thoughts attract similar circumstances'; the laws of attraction were working and always would work—he felt certain of that. He smiled.

EIGHT BROTHERS IN ARMED FORCES

ONE HERE AT STATION FIRE HALL

Eight brothers in the Canadian Armed Forces, most likely a record for Hq., is the proud achievement of a French-Canadian family in Ottawa. And it is the proud boast of No. 3 that one of them is serving on this station. In the Fire-fighting section is LAC Bob Lacroix, second youngest of this admirable family. The brothers are: Lieut. Maurice Lacroix, 31, of the Royal 22nd Regiment, who has just been reported missing in Italy; Pte. Phillip Lacroix, 23, who has served in the Army for four years; Pte. Gerrard Lacroix, 19; Pte. Adrian Lacroix, 27; Cpl. John Lacroix, 29; LAC Andre Lacroix, the only other member of the R.C.A.F.; Pte. Laurent Lacroix, 32, and Bob, age 20. Between the eight of them they have over 21 years of service.



ROBERT LACROIX

OLD TIMERS WERE 'JOE BOYS' TOO . . .

MARCH 31st, 1945, marked the close of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Under this plan, No. 3 S.F.T.S. had operated since October 20, 1940. In the few weeks prior to Oct. 20, 1940, while the station was being equipped to house the first courses, four men were posted in who are still executing their jobs with top-notch efficiency on this station.



On Oct. 6, 1940, AC1 **Tom Mellor** was posted in as an equipment assistant to aid in the setting up of properties. Moving stoves to the mess halls, lugging mattresses and beds to the barrack blocks, painting, landscaping and almost everything that had to be done; Tom was a part of the body of men labelled "technical engineers" by local newspapers. "We were so green," says Tom, "That we didn't know a soup ladle from a monkey-wrench." He obtained his LAC and then was made a Corporal in 1942. In the early part of 1943 he became a Sergeant and in December of the same year he moved up to F/S and was senior NCO i/c equipment. Never fortunate enough to be posted overseas, Tommy Mellor carries on at his desk—still with the old fire and ambition to see a job well done.

On October 10th Cpl. **Tom Hogan** came to No. 3 on draft to assist with the preparation of the station. Equipment poured in on M.T. vehicles continuously. Tommy drove tons of it himself. He landscaped, sodded, mowed grass, raked gravel, and was "joed" for everything. The MT section was located in M7 at that time—in the office now occupied by the Protestant padre. Since that time 300 odd men and women have been attached to the section. One hundred have been posted overseas. Tom became a Sergeant in '41, Flight/Sgt. in Aug. '43, and in Sept. 1944 his WO2 came through. Since July '43 he has been in charge. He feels that his section as it stands is the finest group of people with whom he has worked. He is well pleased with operations in the section.



LAC **Pete Mundrick** arrived at No. 3 on October 21, 1940. Trained at St. Thomas, he emerged an AFM—was "joed" to handle canteen stocks the first day here, and emerged a canteen steward a month later. He was placed i/c of the "wet" because of his civilian experience in the brewing and malting industry. Corporal and Sergeant stripes followed quickly, and he took over the supervision of the entire canteen and canteen stores. He became a Flight/Sergeant in January, 1944. Since he has been in charge of the canteen he can't remember ever having a fight or a smashing of property by disorderly personnel, which is a personal attribute as well as a virtuous reflection of air and ground staff.

LAC **Sam Feldman** arrived here on October 11th, 1940. He assisted with moving in equipment, then moved to GIS, to pack parachutes. Later the 'chute section moved to Barrack block 14S, and then again to M2, where it is now located. Sergeant Hankin was in charge then but relinquished his charge to Sgt. Feldman who had put two and then three stripes up in the period from Oct. 11, 1940 to Jan. 1942. Sam tells of what is the most unusual incident since his service at No. 3. It occurred during practice drops at the west end of the field. He had retrieved 4 'chutes dropped with dummies from a plane at 400 ft. Then, much to his surprise, saw a fifth 'chute rocking in the breeze at about 1000 ft. Alarmed at the thought of a 'chute climbing, he raced to the spot where it landed. There was a man in the harness. He had bailed out of a Crane at 5,000 ft.

When Sam first packed 'chutes here the number on hand was just one-third of present stocks. Since then the section has packed approximately 20,000.



❖ AROUND THREE ❖

Easter time is the time for eggs and the time for eggs is Easter time; but three guys in M16 have no restrictions as to time or place for the well-known fruit.

LAC's **Jim Gammon**, **Earl Franzen**, and **Hans Pilby** partake of the albumen pick-me-ups at the drop of the hat . . . in fact at the drop of a beer.

Almost any afternoon after five you'll find them in the "wet" absorbing a goodly amount of the amber-shaded stuff supplemented with a raw egg.

"Just crack one into a full glass of grog," says **Gammon**, "and gulp the mixture in one decisive movement; . . . it's all good."

Franzen has felt so much better on this diet in past weeks he wrote and instructed his wife to remain in Vancouver rather than come to Calgary. **Pilby** has gained seven pounds and says he feels as strong as a young bull.

Messing Officer please note: (Beer and raw eggs make for stamina, better appetites and strong fibres; who knows? Maybe pork and beans are passé)



After F/S Charbonneau left us, F/S Oliver came in to keep up the standard of efficiency—with Miss Walsh acting as overseer. Flight Oliver was in charge here about two years ago—welcome back Flight! . . . A bang-up smoker was held in the Airmen's Mess in March and was enjoyed by all messing staffs. The chief promoter and her amiable escort made a late and obvious entrance. She said she was working. (Nice work if you can get it.) . . . Jimmy 'Major' Haimes, Doris Irvine and Dave "Low Flier" Larvatt have left us for Civvy St. Best of luck to you kids, we miss you. . . . Sgt. Henderson has a ticket selling campaign on. He tried his salesmanship at the Airmen's mess but went back to the Sergeants' mess disgusted. This worthy cause has already been sponsored by us. Sorry Sarge . . . and the postlude:

I wasn't meant to be a writer,
Just a cook.

I wasn't meant to be a writer,
Take a look.

Yum, baked ham and sweet potatoes!
And I've shocked the "Alma Maters,"

But I wasn't meant to be a writer,
Just a cook.

You remember how it was when the three bears arrived home and looked with dismay at their beds? . . . and Daddy Bear said, "Someone's

been sleeping in my bed and mussed it all up!" And Mamma Bear said likewise.

And Baby Bear said, "Well, I'll be go to hell, someone IS sleeping in my bed!"

Well, to make a long story longer, there's a **Goldy Locks** right here at No. 3—in the personage of one **Joe Setch**, employed at Training Wing O.R.

This story was related to us by some of the boys in 12 South. It seems Joe lived in 12 South for a while and then moved to 12 North; but on several occasions afterward he was found sawing it off in his old bunk in 12 South which had been taken over by someone else.

It's just incidental that Joe was wearing copious quantities of **Johnnie Walker's** at these particular times. He blames his error on the confusing arrangement of shower-room, drying-room and lavabo. "I get my directions mixed up in that goddam labyrinth," Joe exclaimed.

It's okay Joe, maybe the time is not far off when you'll have a pup tent and an open field in which to get your bearings. We'll all look good in khaki.

Time: Sunday afternoon on a "48".

Date: March 24, 1945.

Place: Mt. Norquay, Banff.

Characters: LAC's **Jack Holland**, **Stan Hunt**, **Casey Norton**, **Harry Alexandroff**, and ski instructress.

Act 1, Scene 1—

Holland attempts to make date with said instructress for Saturday night dance, assisted by the gruesome threesome.

Act II, Scene 1—

Holland still trying to get to first base with instructress. Enter Banff dream-boy, "George Q."

Climax—

Holland, no hits, no runs, and far too many errors. Exit the gruesome threesome and Holland . . . which makes it a foursome.

❖ ❖ ❖

Humiliated by so many defeats at the ping-pong table in the "rec" room of M6, **Lac McGuire** insisted on an eye test, and has now obtained glasses. Table tennis champs had now better look to their laurels.

❖ ❖ ❖

Gunnery Instructor: "Now listen, you guys, this new bullet will penetrate three inches of wood; so keep your heads down!"

This is an obituary to Course 120—E and F flights. We think and you probably do too, that the infamous reputation of 120 will live long in the annals of No. 3.

For those of you who knew some of 120's members we offer some dirt on them. In the case of **E FLIGHT** the student stuff is an exact duplication of a letter written about his "boys" by the former E flight commander, **FO Murry Caydzien** ("The Whip"). The letter reads:

"During the time I have been associated with you Aussies and the lone New Zealander of Course 120 I should be able to relate many incidents which I will long remember. I can truthfully say I have enjoyed the past few months very much.

Hatcher Out

"Can you imagine one of you trying to fly formation with **Hatcher** as passenger? I tried—and so did **Price**. Every time **Hatcher** moved there was a terrific thud in the back seat and **Price** would immediately retrim the aircraft. This happened too often until it was time to change and **Hatcher** took over the controls.

"My advice to those who fly with **Hatcher** is to let him be first, or second pilot—but never passenger.

"Then there was the incident which happened when we were night flying—we were testing aircraft when **Carter** and another student came up to me and said we wouldn't be able to fly as the "dual only" flag was flying. I looked out the door and this is what I saw—the white flag which announced the field as "unserviceable—use runways only" and the black ball which indicates "light variable winds." I can still see the looks on their faces.

"Then there was the day **Tooth** shut off his aircraft at **Airdrie** because of a flat oleo leg. I still think he wanted a smoke or else nature was calling.

"If you want to get lost on a night cross country take **Shaw** with you. At least you will never have a three-legged trip, anyway. **Shaw** set out from **Hussar**

to **Claresholm** and ended up somewhere in **Turner Valley**. I guess you would have an interesting trip, anyway!

"I should say a little about the world's best scrounger of flying time—**Lac Price**. With only 20 minutes left to fly to complete the course he waits days so that he can scrounge an hour and 20 minutes flip—and then he wants me to herd sheep for him in **Australia** at £4/10/—a week.

"Then there is **McKenzie** — who speaks a language all his own—or is it **Australian**? I'm afraid **McKenzie** and I would have to work together for years before we could really understand each other.

"I always prided myself in having a unique flying hat, my engineer's cap. But **Widdowson** goes me one better. (Is he the **Hitler** of **Australia**?)

"I think **Walmsley** has contributed to the log book rumble fund nobly. I don't know what No. 3 will do now that he has graduated. Perhaps he has a brother in the next course—or maybe he was an accountant before the war!

"And then there is **Cullen**, who does not like being outside the gates of No. 3. Is it that he loves the station that much—or is it that he just hates going into town? Perchance I could be barking up the wrong tree.

Our friend **Lamborn**, when ready to go flying in his fleeced-lined jacket should turn his back on me more often. I am one person who doesn't want to see that jacket go back to **Australia**.

"I could go on and on—but no doubt Course 120's student notes could utilize the space to much better advantage. In closing I would like to say again how I appreciate being with you.

"The best of luck."

Murry Caydzien, FO.

Grads' Party Is Terrific

Most vivid recollection of the course to those in **F FLIGHT** was the graduation banquet on the Wednesday before graduation Friday. Let's recall a few of the misdeeds of some flight characters—and I mean characters!

One of the most amusing end-

ings to the evening was the case of **Silis** and **Vanof**. After going to **Zeke's** home after the dance they were left when **Zeke** and **FO Park** drove the boys and etc- etras home. So they had to go to sleep on a stairway at the rear of the house. At 6 o'clock they woke up refreshed(?), snuck down and out and caught a street car back to camp, had breakfast, and went to bed again. And **Zeke** never knew—or if he did he probably thought he heard rats or something. (Don't say what you're thinking!)

Ned Kelly had a good time—he couldn't remember a thing about the evening. There were a lot of questions asked in the morning when he awoke in a bedful of confetti.

Russ Shipley also had a good evening—and morning — and next day too, judging by his prolonged absence. By the way **Russ** did a good job of decorating for the dance.

Blue ("Meat") **Ball** came out of the shell again—also **Baldy Bennett**. **Benno** must have been worrying about his marriage, which took place on graduation day.

Nig Powell Spared

Of course we could tell you a lot about old **Niggly Powell** that **Niggly** wouldn't like—not only about banquet night—but also about the previous week-end. Never mind, **Nig**, we'll have mercy this time.

Just a word of congratulations to **Knobby Knoblanche** for his toast to No. 3 on that banquet night. 'Twas short and sweet but very nicely put.

Ross Davies, **Bob Edwards**, **Jack Bell**, **Mick Rooney** and the notorious **Stooky Hamersley** invited some of their nice(?) friends from town. These people have treated the boys as their own while they have been here (just like a **Ma** would)—and how the boys have repaid them!

Milk S. Fullerton continued to drink himself to death. We hear now that this drinking of his is to keep him fit for fisticuffs! **Des Knight** and **Frank** (better known as **Frankie**) spent most of the evening together. Nuff sed!

Stuff

"... FUTURE CIVILIAN RESERVISTS"

122

Disclosing a few of the trivial intimacies of this promising course of future civilian reservists, **Bryson Murray** and **Harry Burfield** pray forgiveness for this the first great blast to be heard from **"D" FLIGHT**.

Formerly known by his chums at **Bella Bella** as **"Horizontal William,"** **Bill Atkins** has a great affection for his bunk. In fact it's a close race between **Bickel** and **Atkins**, but **Don** overshadows the **Atkins** boy by his enormous capacity at the mess table.

"Broad" Broadwell—the boy with the friendly smile; who, on certain occasions reverts back to his forefathers in the jungle.

Carl Callihan used to be in the **RCMP** and isn't quite as dumb as he looks.

Les Carbert—it must be jelly 'cause jam don't shake like that . . . **Harold** and **Leonard Carlyle**, "confoosin' but amoozin'"; we've gone wing-dingy trying to figure out the difference between these two . . . What's **Alf Evans** got that we haven't got—besides beautiful women? (Ed. Note) Nothing, probably, except that he is better organized . . . **Murray Fisk**, with a passion for wine, women, and more women, insists he is not a wolf . . . **Pete Inglis** stood at the top of the roll in **GIS** but he's at a loss to figure out where he's gonna get size 14 shoes on the civilian market . . . **Mac McGregor** our oil-man from the south, and frequently well-oiled himself, has never been known to lose an argument . . .

Boudoir Boy

Voted "most likely to succeed in a boudoir," **Pete Olenick** wonders how long it will take to raise another moustache . . . **Jack Pomfret**, the basketballer, brought honor to **"D" FLIGHT** when the No. 3 squad romped to victory in the Command tourney. A solid citizen this **"Jackson"** . . .



GRADS OF 120 AND FRIENDS



THEY BROUGHT THEIR "SHELAS"

Don Wright, still making the frequent sojourn to **Medicine Hat** . . . it can't be just the clay deposits down there, but it might be something he's moulding. **WAC**-happy **Bob Downie** frequently appears with an expression like a dying duck in a thunder storm.

Unmentionables

And there are eleven more characters in this renowned group which we would simply label as **"unmentionables!"** They include **"Dix" Snelgrove**, **"Robbie" Robinson**, **Jim Rily**, **Pete Peters**, **Stan Nicol**, **"Neon" Mar-**

riott, **"Dug" McLeod**, **Ralph Kerr**, **Ken Hardy**, **Keith Elmer**, and **Max Bellamy**.

Ed's note: **Bryson Murray**, who culled the vital statistics for **"D" FLIGHT** column, still doesn't realize that a clutch pedal and a rudder bar don't react alike. **"Boy" Murray** plays a very neat piano too, usually eight to the bar. **Harry Burfield**, assistant to **B.M.**, is perhaps one of the best skiers yet to perform in this part of the country. Mystery shrouds his personage, too, in that no one knows yet why he is called **"Curly."**

COURSE 122 LEAVES MARK

When course 122 came to this station last fall, they promised to leave their mark when they left (even tho' it be on a wing tip or two). Now they are gone, and they have left their mark. Hailing from various corners of the world, Australia, Great Britain, U.S.A. and Canada, their blood, tho' mixed, is of a good type. Herewith is presented a "flash-back" of notorious personalities and their undoings: *** **Bobby Tingle**, Casanova of the mess hall slyly admits his marriage but proudly defends it too. *** **"Brad" Bradley**, who returns to **Bradley Enterprises, Incorporated**, owner of a gun club, an onion patch, a string of muskrat traps and a hay-mowing machine; Chatham hails the return of the "big little shot." *** **"Wild Bill" Carr** will study medicine at McGill come September—plans to practise on a reservation where he is most likely to be in tune with his clientel. *** **"Handsome Homer" Huston** and **J. L. Smith** are still racing for top seat in the "lovers'" realm—the girls are ga-ga yet over these two. *** In spite of his woolfish leer **Al Gugg** never seems to get results. *** **Chris Chiasty** has given up climbing into trucks with strange women, for quiet weekends at Blaremore, Bluemare, we mean Bloremere, where the hell is your home anyway, Chris. Bouquets to **Molstead** for tying one on at the grad party. *** Still suffering from a bruised collarbone, **Mouse Hammond** is prone to relinquish the name his "strangle-holding" girl friend of the grad-party. *** **"Creep" Richards**, with a passion for cross-word puzzles, broke down at the last moment and went in for jig-saws. *** And we would still like to know where the hell you spent the remaining part of the night after the grad party, **Sid Davies**, and how did you explain it to the gal's mother at 7:15 the next morning?

EDITOR'S NOTE: On "Orv" St. Louis, reporter for this column. "If the W/S is too high, divide by two, any old time, any old place, hit or miss, you can't go wrong." He's still doing it and still enjoying his cross-country flights—a very unusual practice, but then, a very unusual boy.

RURAL ROMANCE

Her eyes were large, and her breath was sweet,
And she was very trim and neat.
We walked through the field when the sun had set
And the moon had joined the stars, and yet—
I felt no thrill because of her,
Though the night was still and there we were—
But I was proud, and I still avow
I never owned a finer cow.

COURSE 131

★ ★ ★

R.A.F.

COMES IN ON
THE BEAM

Pat Patterson still bemoans the fact that he blew 14 dollars on whiskey in a recent sortie with a nineteen year old bobby-sox kid from a local high school. The uncompromising wench was no lady when it came to drinking Scotch, though. Maybe you'd better stick with taxi drivers Pat. *** **Dave Kay** had trouble with those ears in Davidson, and we still miss him when CO's parade comes up . . . frostbite is a very nasty thing—but handy. *** For using the wrong runway on a takeoff, **Bucky Graham** carried a full-grown prop' around the station for two days—the weed of crime bears bitter fruit . . . what? *** The Coca-Cola Company is making money these days—thanks to **Tom Halley** who has come down the taxi strip sixteen times with flaps dangling. *** Was it just a coincidence that **"Olly" Bernard** was in Vancouver when the "S.S. Greenhill Park" blew up? . . . sshhh, REDS! *** **Norm Parker** is looking for a volunteer to corner the 17-year-old wench that lives with his girl friend. Hell and high water won't move the young one out when Norm gets set for a session with his queen. *** **Jim Robinson's** sudden turn to religion has us wondering—after all, three dates in one night, especially Sunday, is something of a record. *** Tell us **Mick**, are you and **Sid** going steady—or does he always fall on your neck during volley ball? *** An English variation of "bed time" is "pit time," . . . one guess as to what **Charlie Barrett** does when he examines the timetable and sees P.T. for three periods.

Editor's Note: The boys in Course 131 insist that I tell on **Jim Coombs**—reporter for this column. He pulled a boner by taxiing up the runway "in use" and consequently had to lug the great "booby prop" around for three days. He's still suffering from callouses on his left shoulder. Oh, well! . . . live and learn.

Women in trousers
Are arousers;
Slacks show women
Need slimmin',
'Cause when they bend,
—The End.—

THE GIRLS AT NO. 3

. . . and the jobs they do.

DOROTHY AITKEN MAKES A SURVEY

The many trades at No. 3 are in the hands of girls who execute their jobs with the efficiency of skilled training and long practice.

A tour of the Station discloses a variety of occupations, all bearing directly on the progress of the flying personnel. As we look in on the various sections, a confusing harmony of sounds greets us at every door. The pounding of typewriters, the shuffling of files, the stamping of letters, the rattle of dishes in the mess, the incessant clatter of the teletype, a soft-voiced R.T.O. crooning: "BUNSEN, this is INCHCAPE. How do you hear me?"—and over all, the steady hum of planes in the bright Alberta sky.

We meet the sleepy-eyed night-shift worker crawling home in the red dawn. She passes the rested and freshly-groomed day-worker stepping smartly off to her job. The midnight laborer sighs with envy as she stares into the clear eyes which have enjoyed a night's rest. While, in her turn, the day-girl yearns to pop back between the cosy blankets again, and fervently consigns all alarm clocks to the scrap-heap.



They Sort the Mail.



Man cannot live without them . . . the cooks.



Their future in the Air Force is uncertain, and no one knows when a posting or a discharge may come up. Yet each is doing her bit to the best of her ability; and each has the satisfaction of feeling that she is an integral part of the training plan.

. . . And Handle the Letters From Home.



Busy Hands in the HQ Orderly Room.



In the Wireless they Sleep.



In Equipment they Weep!

THE GIRLS AT NO. 3

. . . and the fun they have

Take a looksee at some shots (that candid camera!) of our W.D.'s using their off-hours to develop the body beautiful. We are indeed fortunate in having such splendid recreational facilities.



THEY DANCE . . .
AND THEN THEY
EAT!



We have some real pin-ups, too, in shorter shorts and slackier slacks! "THE GRUB AND Badminton birds whizz through the air; bowls rumble over the smooth GAB SESSION." hardwood, and lithe limbs jump for the basket.



ONE STRIKE . . .
COMING UP!



Now that a more strenuous programme of P.T. is in full swing, we find the Drill Hall adorned at all hours by graceful feminine figures.



BEND DOWN SISTER!



THE AFTERNOON BREAK!

THE GIRLS AT NO. 3

and their 'leisure' moments



IRONING OUT HER DIFFICULTIES



TAKING ON A GLOW



AT-HOME NIGHT — in the W.D. barracks! Wouldn't you like to catch a glimpse of Canada's future housewives and career girls playing Jo?

Each one is absorbed in her own particular task—whether it be beautifying herself for that date, or shining up the little bed-space she calls home. A wet and soapy head emerges from a wash-basin to exchange gags with the girl at the ironing board. That temperamental iron!—it either scorches, or presents a colder front than Veronica Lake could ever hope to achieve. The laundry tub trio trill throatily; "My Dreams are Getting Better—" while dust mops slide rhythmically over the floor.

When plying the needle to those G.I. hose' tis a duty called mending; but when cut-work luncheon sets or embroidered pillow-slips are brought out—the term is glorified as sewing.



INSPECTION DAY—TOMORROW!



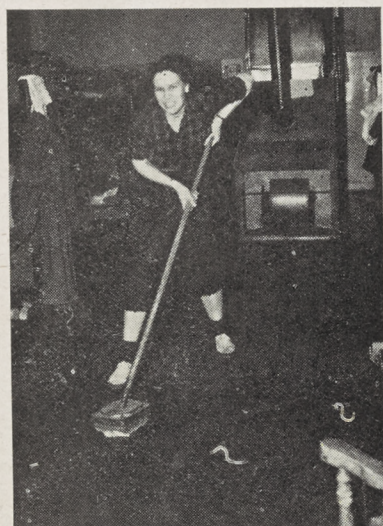
A "HEN" SESSION . . . STRICTLY!

THE GIRLS AT NO. 3

. . . leisure is not what it means.



COIFFURE CONSCIOUS



SHE'S GOT POLISH



A STITCH IN TIME



NEAR MRS.



"SUPER-SUDS"
... IT'S ALWAYS WASHDAY

Yes, they're in all the barracks—the kids who, while relaxing on their bunks, keep up the morale of the troops by tossing the occasional pillow, and hurling taunts at their more ambitious sisters. Bless 'em all!

RUST, DUST AND DIRT FROM THE HANGARS.

Well sir! . . . talk about smokers, . . . the **Maintenance Wing** put on a real swizzler in March that will go down in history as being one of the loudest, gayest, rip snortin'st stags this station ever witnessed.

The evening started out informally with most of the boys partaking of a little grog, while **F/S Stan Hardy** of M3 did the honors as m.c. There was a number of fellows who volunteered to relate a yarn or two on the ribald side, and these were received with much laughter and applause by one and all.

As the evening developed, the ale flowed freely; and the crowd mellowed to perfection. A short satirical skit was presented by **Harry Alexandroff, Fred Clouston, and Jim Sage.** (See cut)—and the supporting cast included **F/L Akin, F/O MacDonald, F/L Myles and S/L Bragg.** This was a most unusual type of drama and was acclaimed a great success by everyone. Later in the evening **Art Jackson** of the 'Y' gave them a film portraying night-life in a New York flat, and a second film depicting a midsummer afternoon at a maiden's country estate. These were damn interesting to say the least, and the boys really sat up and took notice.

At one point in the evening everyone began to stand up and wander away from their tables. This caused so much consternation among the party convenors that a plea for order was made by **WO2 Leo Flaherty.** "Goddamit now fellas, sit down or we'll have to cut off the beer."

The boys returned immediately.

More beer was served around and then came an elegant parade of foodstuffs. Liverwurst and dills and old cheese came on flat trays, and crackers and celery—everyone ate greedily. It was wonderful.

The hilarity mounted, and before long the air was filled with coarse laughter, blue smoke and old cheese.



". . . SO HE JUST WHIPPED THE HELL OUTA THE OLD MAN FOR NO REASON!"

Art Smith of the Hobby Shop got his left eye in the way of a flying piece of cheddar and suffered a swollen orb for two days.

To say the party was fun would be a gross understatement—it was terrific! All re-

ports from the guys up and down the line indicate that it was the best yet. Here's to more of 'em, they're great for moral. (But bad for the eyes . . . ooops! —lookout for the flying cheese.



Wynn Telfer: "You mean to tell me he just sat there all evening with his arms folded?"

Enid Krause: "Yeah, but I was in them."

♦ ♦ ♦

A lipstick is something that merely adds a new flavor to an old pastime.

♦ ♦ ♦

Famous last words: "If you'll just button your lip, Sir, I'll explain why I didn't salute you when you passed."

LAC Hunt was writing a letter home to his mother: "The food in this camp is absolute poison," he complained, "and such small portions."

♦ ♦ ♦

Air Force transfer to Army being examined by army medico, and placed in 1A. "But my eyes are terrible," he pointed out. "I can hardly see anything."

"Look," said the doctor, "We don't examine eyes anymore—we just count them."



RUST, DUST AND DIRT . . .



"OH MR. KLUFUS . . . YOU MEAN I LOSE AGAIN?"

Benny Steck to LAC on parade square: Wipe that opinion off your face!"

★ ★ ★

Morrie Pechet—"Well, Jack, looks to me like the war is going to be over soon."

Jack Stover—"Holy smoke, I hope it doesn't finish before I get my furlough."

★ ★ ★

"There must be some mistake in my examination marks," said student Jim Coombs. "I don't think I deserved an absolute zero."

"Neither do I", agreed S/L Klufus, "but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give you!"



Accounts Officer: "You should have been here at 8:30 o'clock."

Cpl. Dafoe: "Why, what happened?"

◇ ◇ ◇

Can't pin **Norman Fry** down to anyone definite, but several girls at Penley's have staked their claims, and Norm, the confirmed bachelor, "ain't talkin'."

◇ ◇ ◇

"Cherubic" **Bilodeau** has all the girls swoonin', but **Bilodeau** is immune and is not to be had as yet. Too bad, girls! See his manager for future appointments.

◇ ◇ ◇

A gold tooth is not the sign of riches—it's just a flash in the pan.

◇ ◇ ◇

We wonder what chatterbox **Ducommon** has been having for breakfast of late, or is it that correspondence course in elocution? Whatever it is it's a damn good thing words aren't rationed because he'd be down to his last stamp by now.

◇ ◇ ◇

F/L. Prescott: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

Ches. Lowe: "I didn't see you, Sir."

F/L Prescott: "Good, I thought you were mad at me."

Definitions:

A nudist—A person who goes coatless and vestless and wears trousers to match.

Jumping to a conclusion—Making a parachute jump without a parachute.

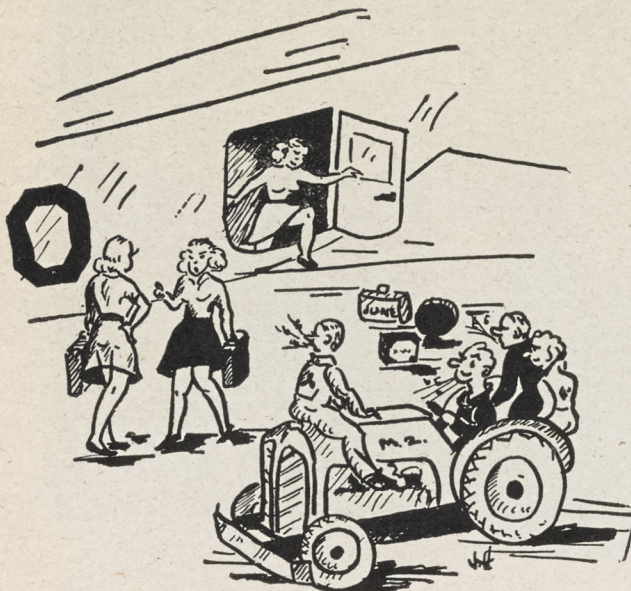
A louse—A man who would marry Ann Sheridan for her money.

Positive—Being mistaken at the top of one's voice.

Marriage—The spice of life, and it's a great life if she don't waken.

THE COBWEB CORNER

. . . SOME MORE RUST, DUST AND DIRT!



Operation No. 920

The Birks' Showgirls arrive and are met by the Reception Committee From M2.

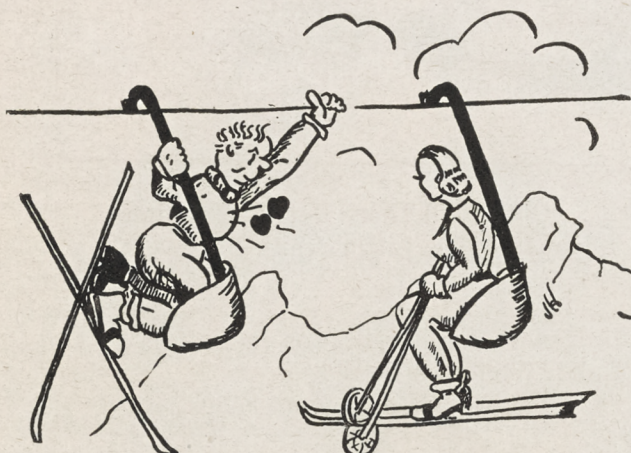
★ ★ ★

Pete Hryniw, M6, will have to do his trouser changing in the smokroom hereafter; otherwise the W.D.'s coming to work in the AM may catch him with his longies showing.

★ ★ ★

George Skorah: "Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled."

Major at No. 3 Dental Clinic: "Calm yourself, I'm coming to it."



HOLLAND IN ACTION (See Page 13)

Is **Lebeau** really interested in a certain W.D. at No. 3 or is it only "play-tonic?"

◇ ◇ ◇

It seems that Cupid has struck again with his sledge hammer—ask **Casey Norton** and a **Florence Nightingale** from Calgary General Hospital.



Noticed: at the last Flight Party Supper, **Bill Glover** being quite the perfect gentleman—and we do mean "the perfect gentlemen," even to the correct crooking of the little finger (a la Emily Post).

AC2: "Im so hungry I could eat a horse."

Waitress: "You couldn't have come to a better place, Mac."

◇ ◇ ◇

Adjutant (in a rage): "Who told you to put flowers on the C.O.'s Desk?"

Joy Lawrence: "The C.O., Sir."

Adjutant: "Pretty, a ren't they?"

STATION SHOWS ARE TOPS

ALEXANDROFF PROMISES MORE IF APPROVED

Showbiz came in on its own here at No. 3 last year in October. The presentation of "**Krazy Kapers**," a variety show, was the initial effort made by members of this station and was acclaimed a huge success by the capacity crowd which jammed the Rec. Hall. The success of this performance paved the way for more entertainment, and orchids were for **Harry Alexandroff** for his clever handling of stage arrangements, comedy adaptations and musicale.

Then in February another show was arranged. This time with **Harry Alexandroff** and **F/O Lloyd Smith** sharing directing honors. In the form of a variety show, "**February Fanfare**" hit a new high in station entertainment. With very little preparation and practically no rehearsing at all, the cast went on and did a bang-up job that left the audience dazed. The applause was long and hearty. Stage effects by **LAC Holland**, lighting by **F/S Dawe**, and orchestrations by the new station band gave polish and professionalism to the production. Vocalists, comedians, a piano team, acrobatic dancers and a hilly-billy band were well received. And of course the superb style of magic and mystery presented by **Jack Holland** clinched the program and left nothing to be desired.

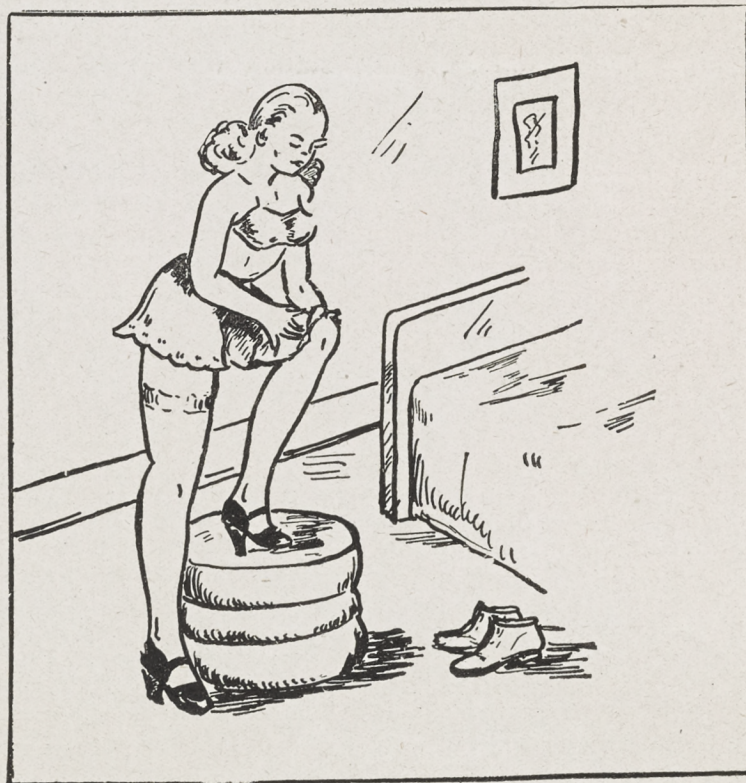
It was apparent that expert handling and timing backstage kept things running smoothly, and much credit is due to the men behind the scenes. The band climaxed the performance with several "terrific" renditions and made the evening a complete one. Before the finale was reached the show was scheduled to do a repeat performance one week later.

The second presentation a week later was even a greater success. A few new numbers were added, routines revised and more spark added to the show in its entirety.

Truly, a great performance, and it is hoped there will be more of them in the near future.



DESLAURIERS AND LAVERTY . . . A HOT "BREAK."



But Flight . . . Out of All Those Battles You Can
Show Just One Little Scar?

★ ★ ★

Scene: Advanced Fighter Station in France.
S.P.: "Halt! Who goes there?"

LAC: "Aw, you wouldn't know me. I just got
here today."

★ ★ ★

CAGERS TAKE BOTH TITLES

Honors Go to Fliers in Calgary Senior and No. 2 Command Contests

Our basketball team, the Fliers, was the most powerful aggregation in this part of the country as they wound up the season winning both the Calgary Senior Basketball championship and the No. 2 Air Command championship. Losing two of their star players in the middle of the season, LAC's Matthews and Pallot, the Fliers met all opposition, and although they found the going tough at times they could not be held down.

A tournament was sponsored with the intention of having area champions meet at Winnipeg to determine the No. 2 Command championship. In the district play-down held in Calgary our team defeated No. 11 Equipment Depot, No. 2 Wireless School, and finally Vulcan. The latter game was one of the hardest played this season as the youngsters from down under gave our boys quite a battle. But when the final whistle blew the score was 49 to 37 in our favor.

This gave us the right to journey to Winnipeg for the Command finals. And again the going was tough for our boys; but we managed to come through, defeating Brandon in the semi-finals and taking the championship the next night, defeating Portage la Prairie 35 to 25. Great credit was due for this win to the marvellous ball-handling of Jack Pomfret, who has now graduated with a commission. With five minutes of play remaining, Pomfret stole the show by dribbling the ball for three minutes without having it taken from him. The capacity crowd of 3,000 spectators booed him at first, but then they realized that this was smart basketball, and broke out in appreciative applause.

After returning home the big job was to take the Calgary title and despite tough opposition from the Yanks and the Wireless School, our "big five" finished the season on top of the league, thus drawing the bye for the finals. In two closely contested games the Wireless School defeated the Yanks for the right to meet our team in the finals. This was to be the best in a two-

Badminton has swept this station like wild-fire, and seems to be the most popular sport at present. Almost any time of the day the four courts in the drill hall are occupied. In this direction we would like to mention that two of our outstanding WD athletes took top honors in the Badminton tournament held at Saskatoon last February. Sgt. Betty Bird and Cpl. Wynn Telfer showed some fine style in beating the Macdonald duo in three close games. The scores were 15-10, 13-15 and 15-8. The station is proud to boast such top-notch women athletes, and we hope they continue along their winning ways.

With but a week from graduation the station Bordenball Championship was decided when two strong teams "D" Flight of Course 121 and "G" Flight of Course 122, met in a sudden death final.

Sporting spills and thrills throughout the closely contested game ended with a 7-6 win for "D" Flight, thus giving them the right to hold the championship with an unbeaten record.

LACs Robinson, Nicol, and Pomfret were tops for the winners, while LACs Doug. MacKenzie, the Hughes brothers and Bob Currie played fine ball for the losers.

All these boys have now graduated and several have received their commissions, and it is such fine sportsmanship and keen competition that makes our boys better fliers.

Now with the arrival of two new R.A.F. Courses on our station we will find a different atmosphere and will switch to more unfamiliar sports, such as cricket, soccer and rugby. The R.A.F. lads are very outstanding at these games, and it might be a good idea for some of our Canadian boys to pick up a few pointers from them before going overseas. In return we will attempt to organize a softball schedule for the R.A.F. chaps and we feel sure they will take to this game quite readily. We hope they will enjoy their stay on our station.

out-of-three series and we were forced to go the limit, finally taking the series in the third game with a score of 32 to 31.

There was no individual stars throughout, as each man played brilliantly and all deserve great praise for their fine efforts. Introductions are in order, so herewith is the lineup:

F/O Jack Ross, who ably captained the Fliers, was the best rear guard we had. *** LAC Ross Saundry and LAC S. Roberts, who can be found at any time around No. 6 hangar, alternated between guard and forward and were very much the backbone of the team. *** The forward line of Jack Pomfret, Doral Stone and Mel Curran was by far the best in the league, as collectively they scored more points than any other front line trio. *** Arnie Foulger, Stan Nicol and Ernie Blair did remarkably well as substitutes for the big boys. *** Much credit is

due to the efforts of Coach S/L Guy Morre, who handled the team so well and was an important factor in winning these two championships. *** Doing a fine job as chief referee for the C.A. B.A., LAC Ed Tomick also did his share in helping the boys at Winnipeg. It was too bad that Ed was put out of action in an exhibition game at Vulcan, suffering three cracked vertebrae. But he is now back on his feet and raring to go again. *** Chief "Joe boy" who had many moments of heart failure during some of the close games, was your own correspondent.

Thanks to Sgt. George Treit for the grand work in helping the boys while the regular "Joe" was in the hospital. *** All would not be complete without mention of our cheering section led by WO1 Fred Bogden, and consisting of Joy, Dotty, and Mickey . . . and many other swell fans.

MUSTANGS COMMAND CHAMPS

The R.C.A.F. Mustangs spelled finis to this year's hockey season by defeating a strong Winnipeg team for the No. 2 Air Command championship which takes place in all of Western Canada. This was a two-game total point series, and scores were 8-5 in our favor for the first game, and 5-4 for the Winnipeg club in the second. Thus we took the title 12 goals to 10.

It was a grand way to end the season after experiencing some tough luck in the Calgary Senior Hockey League. The three teams playing in this league were A-16 Currie Army, H.M.C.S. Tecumseh, and our own Mustangs. Upon completion of 16 games for each team, Army and R.C.A.F. ended the season in first and second places respectively. The play-offs which would decide the championship of the league was a two out of three series, and after two close games which included a 2-2 tie, the Army came back to win the third encounter 4-3 in overtime. Both teams played magnificent hockey and at times it looked as though our boys would come out on top, but the Army team had the extra weight advantage and this proved to be the deciding factor in the struggle. Of course the loss of Cpl. Pete Slobodian and Sgt. Johnny Chad, who were posted overseas mid-way through the season, did not help our chances any.

Great credit is due Flt/Lt. Harry Walshaw on his fine manner in handling the team. His forward lines were composed of F/O "Red" Hunter, F/O Brownridge, F/O Wilder; LAC French, Cpl. Maher, LAC Hunt; Flt/Sgt. Mitch Pechet, Sgt. Morrie Pechet, LAC Allen. For defence he had F/O Bill Dertell, P/O Michaluk, F/O MacIntyre. F/O Russ Dertell was goalie, and P/O Simpson was utility man.

The only exhibition game was played at Lethbridge against the Army, and here our boys proved superior by whipping the lads in khaki 5-2.

Congratulations to two of our boys who proved worthy of high praise amongst hockey "greats,"

Garrison League Points Out Tomorrows Stars

VERY SPORTY PEOPLE

A fighter pilot in training kept replying over the radio, "R-r-roger, dodger!"

Time after time his commander on the ground corrected him, saying, "Roger will be sufficient."

In spite of his admonitions, "R-r-roger, dodger" continued. Finally, he picked up the mike. "This is Commander Smith speaking. I said 'Roger' would be sufficient!"

The voice from the airplane came back: "Roger, dodger, you old codger! I'm a Commander, too."

★ ★ ★

Phyllis Cusak: "Oh, sarge, please help me. I've lost my aunt's pay."

S.P.: "Well, stop talking pig latin and maybe we can get somewhere."

F/O "Red" Hunter, who played outstanding hockey all year, won the scoring championship of the league and was also voted the most valuable player to his team. For these honors he was awarded a silver cup. One of our players was fortunate in gaining a berth on the all-star team and he is none other than our star defenceman F/O Bill Dertell, who has been compared quite often with the great Lionel Connacher of hockey fame. "Big Bill" is a natural defenceman and should have no trouble in making any professional team when his flying days are over.

In the Garrison Hockey League our Fliers wound up their regular twelve game schedule in third place. In the semi-finals we defeated No. 2 Wireless School in a two-game total goal series, thus advancing into the finals against No. 10 Repair Depot. This best two out of three series was quite successful for No. 10, as they defeated the Fliers in two straight games.

The Fliers played a fine brand of hockey all year but suffered badly when postings and injuries took a great toll on their players. LAC Hewitson was the team's high scorer and wound up in sixth place in the league with 20 points.

The best forward line was LAC's Zino, Morton and Gormier. The second line, which was rated as the hardest back-checking trio was composed of LAC's Morrison, Stevenson and Sgt. Faubert. Cpl. Johnson, LAC's Hewitson and Skorah made up the third line. The defence which held well all season, consisted of Cpl. Wood, Sgt. Carse and LAC's Hunt and Yoachim. Our able net minder was none other than LAC Paulin, who did a great job. LAC Allan and Sgt. Pechet also played fine hockey for this team until they were drafted to the seniors.

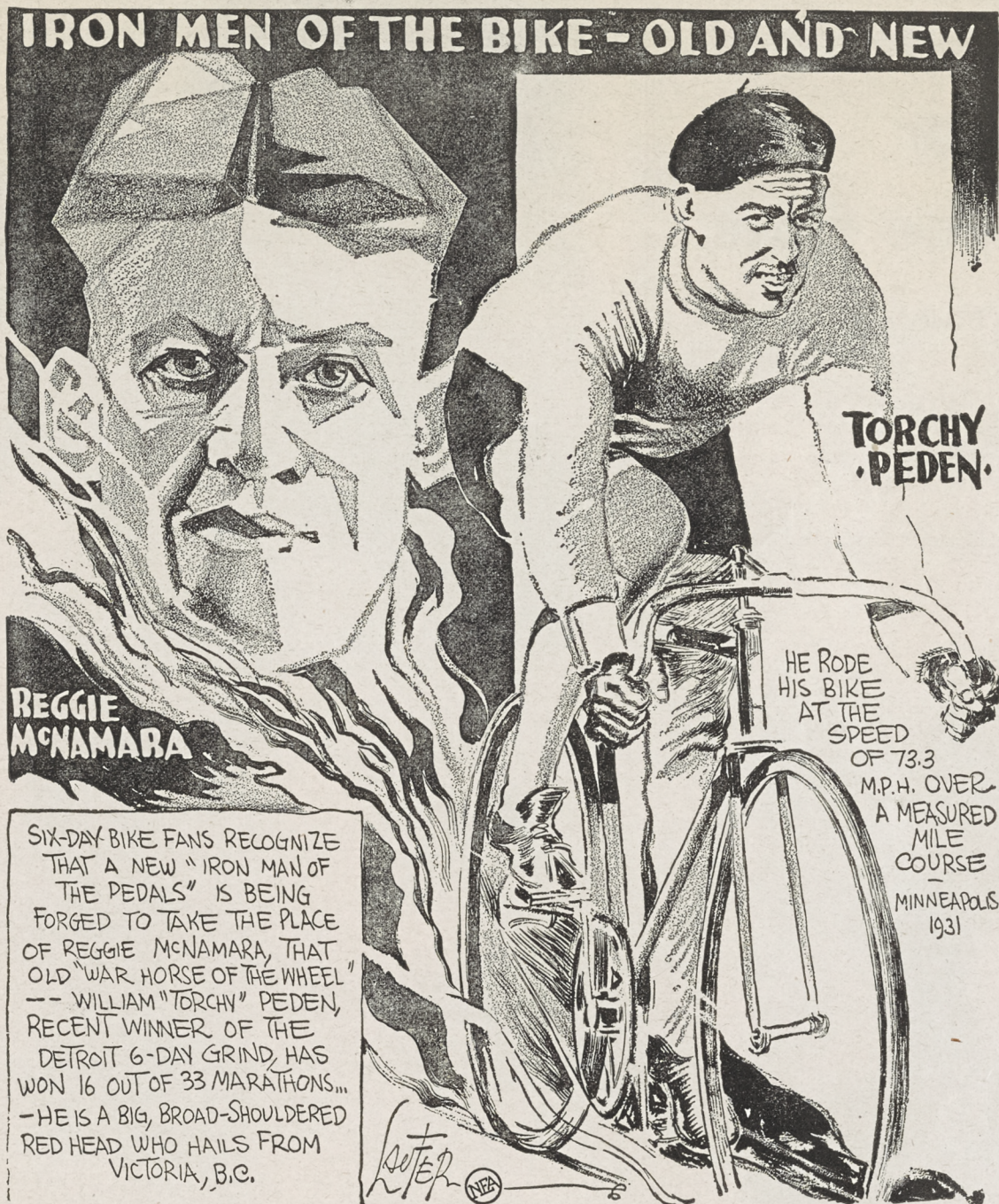
With F/O "Red" Hunter as coach and Flt/Lt. Code as manager, the team had a strong master-minding duo, but their combined efforts were just short of a championship. Chief "Joe" of the Fliers was that ever popular Cpl. Jack Marshall, who practically worried himself to death when at the start of one of the games he found that his star player was short a pair of skates.

All in all the boys showed fine spirit and played well in upholding the honor of No. 3 S.F.T.S.

★ ★ ★

She was only the censor's daughter but she knew when to cut it out.

❖ TORCHY'S HERE! ❖



The above cartoon appeared in the papers back in 1936 when the man in question was on his way up in the "pedal racket." He made it, as most of you recall, and after a jaunt around the world taking top honors everywhere, he joined the Air Force. Today he's at No. 3 in the drill hall—a Corporal PTI. He coached the No. 2 Wireless School basketball team against No. 3 in the recent tilt. Was posted here following the close of that school.

The world's champion bike rider at our station . . . that's really news.

● For The Boys

For Headquarters it's lovely Lynne Baggett, Warner Bros. Starlet. Oh, those lips! Oh, those eyes! Oh, Brother!



Right:

To the boys in the Flying Wing we present Martha O'Driscoll. She's not dressed for flying, fellas, so you'll have to entertain her some other way—we'll leave it to you.

Left:

Marguerite Chapman stretches luxuriously in her black net and shark-skin brevity. She's all for the boys in Maintenance—yes—all.



WEEKES HAS THE LAST WORD

In this paper, every page
Is, editorially, Sage.
His time is gladly, freely given,
He'll get his just reward in
Heaven.

But, should this issue fail to sell,
There'll be another sage in . . .
office.

—H. V. WEEKES.

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